Preble County Democrat.

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Select Poetry.

The Absent Mother.

BY MRS. NORTON.

It is the twilight hour,
The daylight toil is done,
And the last rays are departing
Of the cold and wintry sun.
It is the time when friendship
Holds converse fair and free,
It is the time when children
Dance round the mother's knee.

But my soul is faint and heavy,
With a yearning sad and deep;
By the fireside lone and dreary
I sit me down and weep!
Where are ye merry voices,
Whose clear and birdlike tone
Some other ear now blesses
Less anxious than mine own?

Where are ye, steps of lightness,
Which fell like blossom-showers?
Where are ye, sounds of laughter,
That cheered the pleasant hours?
Through the dim light slow declining,
Where my wistful glances fall,
I can see your pictures hanging
Against the silent wall.

They gleam athwart the darkness
With their sweet and changless eyes,
But mute are ye, my children,
No voice to mine replies.
Where are ye? Are you playing
By the stranger's blazing hearth;
Forgetting in your gladness
Your old home's former mirth?

Are ye dancing? Are ye singing?
Are ye full of childish glee?
Or do your light hearts sadden
With the memory of me?
Round whom, O gentle darlings,
Do your young arms fondly twine?
Does she press you to her bosom,
Who hath taken you from mine?

Oh, boys, the twilight hour
Such a heavy time hath grown—
It recalls with such deep anguish,
All I used to call my own—
That the harshest word that ever
Was spoken to me there,
Would be trivial—would be welcome—
In this depth of my despair.

Yet no! despair shall sink not,
While life and love remain—
Though the weary struggle haunt me,
And my prayers be made in vain,
Though at times my spirit fail me,
And the bitter tear drops fall,
Though my lot be hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope through all!

Select Miscellany.

A Midnight Adventure.

Females often possess presence of mind, and the power of self-control under circumstances of imminent peril, which seem almost foreign to their nature, and beyond the endurance of a delicate physical organization. A striking instance of self-command, by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited, and whose life of affluence had probably never before given her nerves any severer test than is incident to the vexations of domestic cares, is given in *Chambers's Journal* of last month. We copy the adventure, promising by way of explanation that the lady was a daughter of a rector residing in a quiet English country village, and was upon the eve of marriage:

The wedding day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize fight which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night, Adelaide, who occupied a seperate room from her sister, sat up late—long after all the household had retired to rest. She had a long interview with her father and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since, had packed up her jewels, &c. She was consequently still dressed when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. Housebreakers were mere myths in primitive Shyndon, and the bride elect, without a thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her next thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper: "You are come," she said, "to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise, I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed. "We won't make no noise," he replied sullenly, "if you give us everything quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love gifts, remarking at the same time, that two more masked ruffians stood at the half open door. As he took the jewel case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative; "he wasn't going to run a risk and leave half the tin behind!" She proposed instantly that she should go herself, saying, "I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you." The fellow consulted his comrades and after a short parley, they agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage, and entered the old rectors room. Very gently she stole across the chamber and removed his purse, watch keys and desk, gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied that they should be when they had got the show of plate spread out below, but that they could'nt let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate, she followed them down stairs to the dining room, where a splendid wedding breakfast had been laid to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number when assembled—seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal.—They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed and joked: and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had thus time to study in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together, and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was no a consultation against her, as it proved. The leader, approaching her, told that they did not wish to harm her—that she was "a jolly wench, reg'lar game," and they wou'd nt hurt her, but that she must swear not to give an alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this she was of course obliged to assent, and then they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of day-light; then as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into an undisturbed slumber. The consternation of the family next morning may be imagined, and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to—the "three fingered Jack" being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared—and with truth—that he owed his life to the self possession and judgment of his eldest daughter.

The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposition, on the part of the young heroine to listen for midnight sounds, and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of residence soon effected its cure.

"Sold" at Half Price.

A shop keeper in a small town in Massachusetts one day marked some handkerchiefs in his window with the tempting words—"selling at half price!" Shortly after, a lady who had traded with him before entered the establishment, and having examined the handkerchiefs, inquired the price. "Fifty cents apiece," politely replied the shop keeper. "Very well," said the lady, "you may do me up a dozen." The handkerchiefs were cut off and delivered to the lady, who gave the shop-keeper a three dollar bill. "Beg pardon, ma'm—but I—ah—told you the handkerchiefs were fifty cents apiece—that is—ah—six dollars per dozen." To be sure, sir—I understand as much arithmetic as that. Six dollars is the price; half of six is three; that is half price. I think they are cheap enough. Good day, sir." The lady shut the door.—The shop-keeper opened his eyes. For five minutes he stood still as a stump gazing vacantly at the window; then biting his lips and coloring very red, he gently removed the card pinned to the handkerchiefs, and resolved to announce no more goods "selling at half price."

☞ An ignorant minister having remarked in the presence of Dr South that the Lord had no need of man's learning, that witty divine replied, "still less has he need of man's ignorance."

The Stolen Secret.

The main distinction between iron and steel is that one holds carbon, or the matter of charcoal, whereas the other does not. The amount of carbon is trivial, and it is imparted by heating bars for a long time together, surrounded by powdered, broken charcoal in a box. Having regard, then, to this operation, it seems natural enough that the outer portion of each bar should become more "steelified" (if I may be allowed to coin an expressive word) than the internal portions. Now, steel of this sort, though perfectly good for many purposes, is objectionable for others. To give an example: it is by no means good for the manufacture of watch-springs; nevertheless, before the invention of cast steel, to which the reader's attention is shortly to be directed, watch-springs had to be made of it.

There lived in Attercliffe, near Sheffield, about the year 1769, a watch-maker named Huntsman. He was very much dissatisfied with the quality of steel of which watch-springs were made in his day, and he set himself to the task of thinking out the cause of inferiority. Mr. Huntsman correctly inferred that the imperfection of such watch-springs as came in his way was referable to the fact of the irregular conversion or "steelification" of the metal of their manufacture. "If," thought he, "I can melt a piece of steel and cast it into an ingot, the composition of the latter should be regular and homogeneous." He tried, and succeeded. The fame of Huntsman's steel became widely spread, but the discoverer took care not to designate it by the name of cast steel, under which it is now familiarly known. That was his secret.

About the year 1770, a large manufactory of this peculiar steel was established at Attercliffe. The process was wrapped in secrecy by every means which the inventor could command.—None but workmen of credit and character were engaged, and they were forbidden to disclose the secrets of the manufactory by a stringent form or oath. At last Huntsman's secret was stolen in the following manner: One night in mid winter as the tall chimney of the Attercliffe steel works belched forth its smoke, giving promise of a roaring fire within, a traveler to whom the desire of placing himself near a roaring fire might seem a reasonable longing, knocked at the outer door of Mr. Huntsman's factory. It was a bitter night; the snow fell fast, the wind howled across the moor; nothing, then, could seem more natural than that the tired wayfarer should seek a warm corner, where he might lay his head. He knocked, and the door was opened. A workman presented himself, who the wayfarer addressing, humbly begged admission.

"No admittance here, except on business."

Feigning to be completely worn out with cold and fatigue, the wayfarer sank upon the floor of the comfortable factory, and soon appeared to have gone asleep. To go to sleep, however, was far from his intention. The traveler closed his eyes, all but two little chinks. Through these two little chinks he saw all that he cared to see. He saw workmen cut bars of steel into little bits, then place them into crucibles, with enormous tongs, pour their liquid contents into a mould. Mr. Huntsman's factory had nothing more to disclose.—This was the secret of cast steel.

It would be easy to extend the list of manufactured secrets disclosed in the dishonest way indicated above. The subject, however, is so unpleasant to dwell upon, that I am sure the reader will rejoice with me that the circumstances under which manufactures are now mostly carried on, neither afford the opportunity nor the inducement to theft, such as I have described.—*London Leisure Hour.*

Singular Infatuation.

The Philadelphia *Press* mentions a curious circumstance connected with the loss of the Austria. The wife of Mr. Theodore Gerk, of Baltimore, is now visiting her relatives in Philadelphia, and while they have no doubt of his loss, *she* alone has a deep conviction that he is not dead; either he was not on board the Austria (though he wrote to her that he had actually paid for his passage) or if he was, that he *must* have been among the few that were rescued. But here is something still more strange:

It may be within the knowledge of many of our readers that a clergyman of this city was among those who left for Europe on the ill-fated President, and was never again heard of. His wife, who remained in Philadelphia, and was deeply attached, never did, because she never could believe that he was lost to her. *Eighteen years* have passed away, and yet that trusting lady—we cannot speak of her as *wife*, and she repudiates the name of *widow—continues to expect his return. Every day a cover is placed for him at the table where still stands his accustomed chair.* Every ring at the bell, we are informed, awakens the cherished conviction of her heart that the loved one will return.

☞ "We won't indulge in such horrid anticipations," as a hen-pecked husband said when the parson told him he would be joined to his wife in another world, never to separate.

Dying Hours of Aaron Burr.

In reply to the inquiry made in our columns a few weeks ago for more definate information respecting the religious views and experience of Aaron Burr, in the last hours of his life, a lady of great intelligence and worth, a relative of the family and of Ogden E. Edwards, who was Burr's last friend, writes to us a letter from which we make a few extracts. The facts here stated are thrilling in their own interest, and they are sufficient to stamp, as it deserves, the great crime against society, committed by the recent biography of that bad man. Our correspondent writes:

"My ———————, Ogden E. Edwards, who died in 1848, felt a grateful interest in Colonel Burr from the fact of his having in his prosperous days aided my grandfather, Timothy Edwards, in pecuniary difficulties. He admired also the mind God had given him, which, in all his degradations, shone forth in the most brilliant and fascinating narrations. He spent a week at my father's after he was 70, and my impression of him and all of he said and did, is very vivid.

He was a hater of all mankind, and a trifler of all womankind, and violated all the rites of hospitality in the license of his behaviour. Parton's book is a tissue of lies, as far as family matters are related, and oh how evil in its influence upon young men! My father used to say that Burr's killing Hamilton was the least of all his crimes.

"Mr. Edwards found that Burr was continually annoyed when he lived in Nassau street, by a set of miserable beings, who pretended to have claims upon his charity. One morning there were eighteen or twenty, each telling the story of his or her wrongs. The larger part were women. He snatched a *shilling* from under his pillow, and threw it among them; saying, with one of his withering looks, 'There, ye harpies, take the last cent I have.' Mr. E. then removed him to Richmond, Staten Island, employed a faithful Irish nurse to attend him, and went down every day to see him.

"One day as he approached the hotel, the nurse met him near the door, saying, 'Indade, sir, he's very bad; he wants the priest.' Mr. Edwards sent her for the Dutch clergyman, and immediately entered Colonel Burr's room. He found him struggling with death, and all he could understand was, 'Call the priest, call the priest.' The nurse soon returned with a Catholic priest, but he did not enter the room. My ——— added, with a shudder, it was a fearful scene, and I never wish to speak of it again. My mother told me, three months before her death, that Ogden Edwards mentioned precisely the same circumstances to her.

"We would gladly that the grave should hide all the dark catalogue. But the life of Colonel Burr is a study of no mean interest and importance, and is it not of fearful import that the shoal upon which so gifted a being was wrecked should be discovered?"

Such is the testimony that has now been developed, and although it merely lifts the curtain for a moment upon the last hours of Burr, that moment is sufficient to show us the dying sinner, struggling with the great enemy, and calling help from the religion he had in his lifetime trampled under foot.

Tom Corwin's Last.

At a trial recently held at Yellow Springs; growing out of a difficulty between some of the students and the faculty of Antioch, the 'Old Waggon Boy," who represented the faculty, was exhibiting to the jury a foil, or cane, belonging to one of the students, which was probably used in the melee. Tom was in his usual happy mood, and brought down the house frequently by his witty illustrations of the noble science of fencing; now parrying imaginary thrust, anon throwing himself fiercely upon the attack. At last, having exausted his full store of pleasantries, with one fell thrust he made feint to strike one of the students, Mr. Fisher who sat near by, and with lock of unfathomable gloom and the voice of a senator he thundered out: "And what would you do sir, being unarmed, if I should attempt to pierce you through? Imagine the roar of laughter which greeted this last eloquent effort of the "old stumper," when the half frightened student, collecting again his wits, sprang to his feet, and successfully mimicing Corwin's most bombastic style exclaimed: "*I'd welcome you, sir with bloody hands to a hospitable grave.—Plaindealer:*

☞ Many of Spurgeon's sentences are impressive from the bold, original, though rather eccentric language in which they are expressed. Here is a short paragraph of his which aptly illustrates this remark:

"If the devil comes to my door with his horns visible, I will never let him in; but if he comes with his hat on, as a respectable gentleman, he is at once admitted. The metaphor may be very quaint, but is quite true. Many a man has taken in an evil; and he has tho't in his heart there is not much harm in it; so he has let in the little thing, and it has been like the breaking forth of water—the first drop has brought after it a torrent. The beginning of a fearful end."

☞ Uneasy is the head that wears a wig in a gale of wind.

The Difficulties of Home.

The house mother also has her troubles; ay, be she ever so gifted with that blessed quality of taking them lightly and cheerfully; weighing them at their just value and no more! never tormenting herself and everybody else by that peculiarity of selfish and narrow minds, which makes the breaking of a plate as terrible as the crash of an empire. No one can hold the reins of family government for so brief a time without feeling what a difficult position it is; how great is daily need of self-control, as the very first means of controlling others; of incessant individual activity, and a personal carrying out of all regulations for the ordering of the establishment—which, unless faithfully observed by the mistress, the eye and heart of the house, are no more than a dead letter to the rest of the establishment. No doubt this entails considerable self-sacrifice. It is not pleasant for lazy ladies to get breakfast over at that regular early hour which alone sets a household fairly going for the day; nor for unarithmetical ladies, who have always reckoned their accounts by sixpences, to put down each item, and persevere in balancing periodically receipts and expenditure; nor for weakly, nervous, self-engrossed ladies to rouse themselves sufficiently to put their house in order, and keep it so, not by occasional spasmotic "setting to rights," but by a general methodical overlooking of all that is going on therein.

Yet, unless all this is done, it is in vain to insist on early rising, or grumble about waste, or lecture upon neatness, cleanliness and order, the servants get to learn that "missis is never in time!" and laugh at her complaints of their unpunctuality. They see no use in good management or avoidance of waste. "Missis never knows about anything." She may lecture until she is weary about neatness and cleanliness—"just put your head into her room and see!" For all moral qualities, good temper, truth, kindness, and above all, conscientiousness, if these are deficient in a mistress, it is idle to expect it in servants or children, or any member of the family circle.

Pup or Kitten.

A friend, says the New Bedford Mercury, tells us a story, which he says is quite authentic and has been in print As we have no access to the printed authority, we tell it as he told it to us:

In a certain flourishing village down eastward, where flourishes a literary institution, a gentleman took one of a family of infant puppies, and gaining entrance into a neighbor's house before the folks were wide awake enough to know what he was about, chucked the little creature among a litter of kittens of a like tender age. Puss made no distinction between the stranger and her offspring, and he on his part took kindly and confidingly to his new nurse.—Great was the astonishment of the household when their cat was the dam of a puppy.

The news of so portentous a birth spread over town like wildfire. People came in flocks to see the sight. The fortunate possessor was offered fifty dollars for the little monster, but declared he would not part with it for five hundred. That case might not fail of due authentication two physicians of the first respectability where summoned to inspect and report upon it. They jointly and severely scrutinized the animal, and found that it was certainly a puppy, having all the characteristics of the dog race, *except the paws.* Those were pronounced to resemble cats' claws. The perpetrator of the joke couldn't hold in any longer. The cat was out of the bag in a twinkling, and if the doctors outlive the memory of their essay in comparative zoology they will be more lucky than most victims of a "sell."—*Troy (N. Y.) Whig.*

Information Wanted.

It is something of a consolation to a candidate for office, if he does not get elected, to know that his friends have stood by him. In one of our changes we find an account of a gentleman who was puzzled to find who his friends were. Here it is:

A Popular Candidate.—A respectable gentleman in Windser county, many years ago, had an ambition to represent his town in the State legislature. Though a man of good character, and ever way able enough for the office he sought, he happened, as Aunt Peggy used to say, to have "a great many winning ways to make folks hate him" and was in fact the most unpopular man in town. Going to 'Squire X, an influential man who happened to be friendly to him, he laid his case before him, and asked his influence; saying that he didn't expect help without paying for it, and declaring that if he could get X.'s influence he was sure to be elected. The disappointed candidate called out to know how the votes stood and learned that he had got just *three votes!* "But I don't understand it," said he, turning to the 'Squire with a chop fallen countenance. "Nor I either," said the 'Squire, "I put in my vote; *you* put in another; but who the d——l put in the third is more than I can imagine!"

☞ The times are said to be so hard in Hallifax that the two editors of the newspaper published there smoke the same cigar—taking it by turns.

An Indignant Woman.

A lady—a young lady we will warrant—thus expatiates, in the colums of a Buffalo paper, upon a very delicate topic:—

"A woman who loves unsought, deserves the scorn of the man she loves."

Heaven forgive me! but may the man who penned that never see another bonnet! May no white dimpled arms ever encircle his cravat, or buttons vegetate on his shirts. May no rosy lips ever press his mustache, and the fates grant that his dickey strings break short off every morning. May no woman's heart ever learn to beat faster—except with indignation—at the mention of his name, and may his stockings always need mending.

We feel greatly inclined to say amen to that prayer, horrible as would be the condition of him in whose behalf the lady's fervent prayer might be answered. But when the indignant fair one adds—

And when his nerves are all unstrung by disease, and his head throbs with pain, as though an earthquake were brewing in it, may he have nothing in his sick chamber but boot heels, and see not one inch of muslin or calico.

We must hold back our assent to the malediction, and dare wager our gold pen against the largest nugget California or Austalia ever produced, that dear Ruth herself would be the first to hasten to the poor wretch's sick chamber, and with those tender ministeries which reveal the angelic nature of woman, tenderly soothe and nurse the afflicted one.

But here is a smart hit:

Deserves scorn Because she gives her love where there is no hope of a return? That does look like a bad specu'ation; but she has the Bible on her side: "If you love them that love you what reward have you, for do not even the Publicans so?"

And here, too, a burst of true womanly feeling:

Gives her love unasked! Oh! with a true-hearted man, this would methinks, be the reason of reasons why he should love her. She gives to him her whole heart—for in these things woman does not work by halves—not from gratitue, because he loves her; not from pity or charity, because he has begged it of her; but because—because—dear me! it will take more of a philosopher than I am to account for the undeniable fact, that women do sometimes love those horrid creatures called men.

Ruth Glanning.

☞ Do be pleasant—why can't you? Will you feel any better for snapping snarling or growling? You know you won't. If your heart was really a dirty dish, and ugly emotions and cross words were the uncleanliness, it would be a good plan to get them all out as fast as possible, but unfortunately their can be no such sudden cleansing of man's interror. The more objectionable he throws out, the more there grows to replace it—'tis only smothering and choking that suits this case. Speak pleasant, then, especially to people in any respect beneath you—whether they be inferror to you in rank, learning, power, age, wealth, or only in sex, try always to be pleasant toward them, whether you really feel good natured or not. If you get your mouth open to throw out a spike or a dagger, shut it till you can, like the juggle, transform the weapon into a flower. Oh! do be kind and pleasant, everybody to everybody, and the millenium will come at once.

Thought a Beautifier.

A writer in the Home Journal thinks that mental activity tends to keep the body young:

We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why K had so lost the beauty for which five years ago he was famous. "Oh, it's because he never did anything," said B; "he never worked, thought, suffered. You must have the mind chiseling away at the featurers, if you want handsome middle-aged men." Since hearing that remark I have been on the watch at the theater, opera, and other places, to see whether it is generally true, and it is. A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink, grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculpter at work, keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design.

☞ A speaker enlarging upon the rascality of the Devil, got off the following:

"I tell you that the Devil is an old liar, for when I was about getting religion, he told me that if I did get religion I could not go into gay company, and lie and cheat or any such thing, but gentleman, I have found him out to be a great liar."

☞ A pious writer says, "we cannot expect to stay in this world." But certainly the ladies expect to *stay* in it.

☞ They have got a fast operater in Arkansas—he cuts up clover and hay, and sels it for black tea.

☞ Intellect is better than position. Brains inside the head are better than a crown outside.

☞ The man who was always splitting with laughter, has been recommended to try an axe.

☞ It has been suggested that the tail of the comet is caused by the dust it kicks up in travelling.

☞ "I've risen from the bar to the bench," said a lawyer on quitting the profession and taking up shoe-making.

☞ Aunt Betsey has said many good things; [illegible] is like a wife, because every man should have one of his own.

☞ An Indiana editor was attacked by a man for some personal grievance. The editor says: "To avoid injuring him, and prevent his injuring us, we got out of the way."

☞ Not long since there might have been seen on the window of a dirty little shop in an obscure part of London, this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beat, and poetry composed on any subject.

☞ Talent and art must go hand in hand. Birds rise not by means of their feathers alone, but by those which guide their flight.

☞ The man in jail, who looked out of his cell and exclaimed: "this is a great country!" is now generally admitted to have spoken within bounds.

☞ There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence in that rarest of gifts, fine breeding.

☞ A Missouri editor apologises for the neglect of editorial duty, on account of the advent of a new member of the family, and claims indulgence on the ground that the thing "only happens once a year."

☞ Mrs. Partington desires to know why the Captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandom of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port.

☞ Certain it is that the soul is eternally craving. No sooner has it attained the object for which it yearned, than a new wish is formed; and a whole universe cannot satisfy it.

☞ "Don't cry," said Saphir, the German critic to a lady who was evidently rouged; "your tears will make you pale."

☞ It is not every man who laughs up his sleeve when he happens to be out at elbows.

☞ The sheep in the meadow and the axman in the forest alike contribute their "chops" for our benefit.

☞ The most disagreeable condition for a grumbler to be in is to feel like grumbling and have nothing to grumble at.

☞ Nothing is more odious than the face that smiles abroad, but flashes fury amid the caresses of a tender wife and children.

☞ An emigrant to Oregon, writing home to one of his friends, says, "we are getting along finely here, and have already laid the foundation of a larger jail."

☞ The following "notice" is said to be posted up in the newsroom of a country tavern: "Gentlemen learning to spell are requested to use yesterday's paper."

☞ The American Agriculturalist speaks of a species of pigs with square snouts. A learned goat can add, substract and multiply, but these pigs can give an illustration of the *square root.*

☞ A neighboring editor says he lately met with one of his jokes thirty years old. We suspect that he has met with a good many of them much older than himself.

☞ Why should collectors of mineral specimens be the richest persons in existence? Because they never go out on a professional tour but they bring home the rocks.

☞ A young fop about starting to New Orleans, proposed to purchase a life preserver. "O, you'll not want it," suggested the clerk, "bags of wind wont sink."

☞ "Young man," said a minister to a youth of his congregation, "do you know what relations you sustain in the world?" "Yes, sir, two cousins and a grandmother, but I don't intend to sustain them much longer."

☞ A young lady says that the first time that a young man 'sat up with her,' she felt as if a sweet briar was climbing her chair, while honey-suckles so hid the legs of the table that she thought she was in Paradise regained.

☞ A spirited woman of our acquaintance caught her husband, the other day in the act of breaking up her hoops. The exertion or something else had a singlar effect upon him. His hair came out at an astonishing rate.

☞ Somebody says that whatever may be the charm and social endearment of the breakfast table, they are entirely destroyed by making it the arena for "feats of *strength*" between the butter and cod-fish balls.

☞ "You would be pretty, indeed," said a gentleman patronizingly to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger." "My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you don't fill them."